



**Pennywise x
Reader - that's
basically it...**

Linadoon

Pennywise x Reader - that's basically it... by Linadoon

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Ambiguous Gender Reader, Mild Sexual Content, Nicknames, Nudity, Other, Pennywise calls you "Birdie" for reasons, Reader has a Deadlight, Reader-Insert, Unfinished, half of a plot, implied non-human reader, non-human reader, petnames, slight nsfw, slightly possessive Pennywise

Language: English

Characters: Pennywise (IT), Reader

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Reader

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Summary:

You weren't human apparently, you were strangely similar to him or so he said... You weren't sure if you liked this idea very much. No, correct that, you didn't like it at all!

But Pennywise, on the other hand, didn't seem to have a problem with that, not at all, why would he? Specially when you were pressed underneath him, fully naked and shaking like a leaf.

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Author's Note:

I went with the fandom... Oh gosh...

I don't really know where I wanted to go with this... Dunno if I will finish it... It's just something I decided to make...

This is my very first Reader-insert so, please, be nice. Enjoy, clown fuckers.

You weren't human apparently, you were strangely similar to him or so he said... You weren't sure if you liked this idea very much. No, correct that, you didn't like it at all!

But Pennywise, on the other hand, didn't seem to have a problem with that, not at all, why would he? Specially when you were pressed underneath him, fully naked and shaking like a leaf.

"P-Pen..." You called, breathing with difficulty.

"Pen...!" The clown giggled, he liked the nickname. His gloved hands went up your sides, so soft. "Heh, Pen-Pen! Pen-Penny-Pennywise! Ha!"

You chuckled as well, because of Pennywise's mumbling and also because of his dancing fingers over your ticklish skin. But the chuckle was short lived, being replaced by a moan as Pennywise's tongue rolled out of his mouth, passing by his pointy teeth and softly touching your back and neck. The appendage was cold, just like most of his body, and it felt so good against your skin.

The creature hummed – a deep rumbling and inhuman sound coming from the bottom of its chest – and continued tasting your skin, lapping over the small buds of sweat that you felt slowly forming already. His mouth watered even more, and for a second you thought that he was going to do something else, just lean in and take a bite out of you.

And there was nothing holding him back, he could do just that. There was no way for you to stop him, he was way too strong for you...

You shivered, feeling something pointy scrapping your neck, and your pulse became erratic. Those were his teeth, you knew that, you had felt them quite sometimes already, but never in such a dangerous area. No, he couldn't... He wouldn't... Right...? You heard the clown inhale whatever smell he said you have and shivered. Oh, of course he would...!

But then, Pennywise laughed that weird laugh of his. The teeth seemed to have disappeared as he leaned closer, till you could feel his breath against your ear. You shivered once again.

“Are you scared?” He said.

“N-no...” You tried not to stutter, but failed miserably.

“Yes, you are.” The clown giggled in that silly manner of his. But then his voice deepened, and you had to hold back a groan when hearing it. “I can smell it on you...” He pressed his nose against the junction between your neck and shoulder, making you almost jump, and then inhaled deeply. The cold drool fell down from his chin to your cheek, and this time you let a moan out. “Lust... With a hint of fear... So little, but so primal, so... *Delicious...*” And he chuckled again.

You bit your lip, feeling the rumble of Pennywise's body shaking your own body, making something warm burst inside of your chest. And the feeling of those teeth slightly marking your skin made your body tingle. There was also that pressure against your naked backside... So many feelings, it was so overwhelming.

Feeling so hot, you put your head down, resting it against your arms with a moan that soon became something like a... Purr. You didn't even know where that sound came from. It was a strong hum, coming from the very core of your being, making your already light head shake even more. But it felt good, it felt comforting. Then you noticed... It was the same sound the creature behind you was making... Or something like it...

You felt as Pennywise froze above you, and you did the same. The hum continued, you couldn't stop it; you didn't want to stop it, it felt good...

And then you had an answer, another long purr from the clown, deeper, louder, fitting yours so well like the notes of a music. You couldn't help but push your body against Pennywise's, wanting to feel the tremors that took over its body. It felt so good... But why did it feel so good?

"What's this...?" You meant to ask, but it came out more like a moan when the clown's lips touched the pulsing vein on your neck. He was always interested on that area, he said it was where your smell was stronger. "This noise..."

"Contentment..." Pennywise hummed, pressing his own body against you. He was just so big that he could cover your form with no problem, it was at the same time scary and nice. "Affection..."

Affection... It was sometimes weird to believe a creature like him could feel such... But if he could, then you were happy; it meant he reciprocated your feelings...

But if he could feel the same as you, and you were humming like him...

"Your..." That word somehow tried not to leave your mouth. "Your species do so whenever happy?"

"Hm, yes..." Your clown muttered, seemingly lost on his thoughts. He had the habit of doing so. But the purr never stopped. It was still there, vibrating against you. "That's what the ones like *us* sound like..."

You froze. Of course, of course the son of a bitch was going to mention that! You didn't want to think of it...

"I-I'm not like you..." You muttered, but the rumbling inside was still there, as if screaming "liar". How do you stop that thing?! It wasn't helping!

"O-ho-ho, yes, you are!" Pennywise giggled loudly, as if mocking

you and your resolve.

No, you weren't like him. Ok, you could be not as human as you thought you were, but you weren't a creature similar to him! He was a monster who ate children! You would never do such a thing! How - HOW - were you too similar? It was impossible...!

No, I don't want to think about this..., you complained to yourself. My mind is already too messed up! Stop!

Out of instinct, you tried to get away from the clown, but strong fingers suddenly dug into your sides, keeping you in place. You groaned, uncomfortable and annoyed. Why couldn't he leave you alone with your thoughts for as second?

"Na-ah-ah! Don't run away from the truth... Why so scared?" He laughed at his own words. "Shh..." His mouth was near your ear once again, breath cold against your neck. "Listen... Feel it..."

You huffed, annoyed and embarrassed, but stopped squirming when feeling the fingers still holding on tight, he wasn't going to let you go so soon.

And then...

You felt it. The rumbling of both your bodies became stronger, slowly turning into a weird, despite comfortable, vibration deep inside your chest. It was almost like... Your bodies had become one. And somehow Pennywise's body seemed to turn warmer, the cold melting like ice, each second more and more welcoming.

A moan escaped your lips, but it was more out of delight than sexual need, as the others were before; all you wanted was to be closer to that warmth. It felt so good, so familiar, like snuggling into your most beloved mattress after a hard, stressful day. If your mattress happened to be a man eating clown...

"My little, little one..." Pennywise whispered, that silky voice ringing like bells inside your ears, just like the real small bells that adorned his clothing. "So unique and different... Sweet and caring, hurtful and mean... Such beauty and such horror..."

“S-stop mumbling...” You tried to say seriously, but ended up stuttering in the end. You didn’t like when he started mumbling that way and you didn’t understand what he meant. And you couldn’t understand now even if you tried... The sensations, so many sensations. The humming, the caresses, the warmth... It all felt so good, it made your body react in such weird ways...

Fingers touched your face, bringing you back to the ground a little bit. They covered your mouth and somehow his touch wasn’t cold anymore, it was hot, like fire, burning your sensitive skin in the most satisfying way. The covered claws poked your lips as if memorizing their form and you couldn’t help but open way for them.

Pennywise’s fingers tasted like copper, like blood. The blood from innocent children...

“Melting underneath me...” The clown chuckled in that creepy way of his and you shivered as an answer. “All mine...”

You moaned against the fingers, those words always messed with you so easily. Pennywise purred, invading your mouth with his digits, and you just welcomed the touches, no matter how rough they suddenly became.

“You’re mine, aren’t you, Birdie?” It didn’t really sound like a question, so you just groaned and nodded, too lost to actually care about the annoying nickname that he still used. “My delicious little bird...”

You continued sucking on the gloved digits when a sudden pain startled you and your head was pulled back. You opened your eyes - when had you closed then? - and looked up at the clown’s shining golden eyes.

“Show me your Deadlight...” He said, commanded, asked.

And you froze. A side of you was already expecting that, but another one was expecting him not to do so. Why must he always remind you of that, of that thing inside of you; the thing that made it harder to not think about how much you two could be similar...

“D-don’t ask me that...” You hissed in between your teeth, both annoyed and embarrassed.

“Aw, come on... Show me! Let it shine out for me, Birdie~!” He pulled your hair even harder and you grunted. “Pretty please~?”

Dammit... I can't say no to that voice... Actually I can but... Oh, fuck it...

You closed your eyes, trying to ignore Pennywise’s cheeky smile, which was the last thing you saw. And then you focused. You hated showing your Deadlight, or better, your Soul, as you prefer to call it so - it made you feel more human. It was your Soul! It was personal, only yours to see and feel! How dared that petty clown ask for such?

The hum helped locate it inside your core and just feeling its presence already made you relax. You didn’t want to be cocky, but your Soul was beautiful. It was warm, tender, it made everything feel so much better... That was why it was weird to share it with anyone, it was like that special little thing you want to keep it to yourself and treasure it.

And Pennywise wanted to see it.

When you thought about it... He was the only one you could share it with. And what was the worth of a treasure if not to share it somehow...? That sounded stupid, it was better to just do it and stop pondering about it!